Gossip! At the Coffee Shop

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/40149021.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Charlie Countryman (2013)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Characters:	Will Graham, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Coffee Shops & Cafés, Will has a reputation, Trans Male Character, trans nigel, Gossip, Rumors, Enemies to Lovers, (kinda), Will Graham and his talented tongue, Cunnilingus, blow job (on a trans guy), Tongue Fucking, pussy eating, Fingerfucking, Fingering, Face-Sitting, Squirting, Always Leave Them Wanting More, do not copy to another site, Podfic Welcome, Hannibal Extended Universe
Language:	English
Series:	Part 41 of Non Cis Fics, Part 136 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Stats:	Published: 2022-07-07 Words: 2,513 Chapters: 1/1

Gossip! At the Coffee Shop

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Nigel is intrigued by the gossip about his co-worker Will.

PLEASE NOTE: Words used for Nigel's genitalia are t-cock and pussy (because that's how Nigel likes it). Please do not read if that's an issue for you.
Inspired by this twitter exchange.

Nigel had heard the gossip about Will Graham.

Everyone had fucking heard the gossip about Will Graham. And the asshole was so sullen, such an outsider, that no one ever seemed to have a sense of whether the rumours really were true or not. Nigel had asked their boss, Bev, about it and she'd laughed. He'd asked Zeller who just gave him a filthy look. Even so, they all said the same - they'd heard the gossip too but could neither confirm nor deny.

And it wasn't just other staff at the coffee shop he'd heard it from since he started there a month earlier. It was also the customers. At first, Nigel had laughed them off. Of all the staff at the shop Will seemed the least likely to have such a reputation.

Everyone at the shop was too fucking cheerful in Nigel's opinion, all very much people persons. All more likely to get laid than Will Graham who practically scared the customers. In truth, Nigel had never seen anyone worse at customer service than he was until the day he

worked a shift with Will. Nigel might not always pull his weight, especially when it came to taking out the trash, but he was only ever an asshole to the rude customers and turned on the charm for everyone else.

It was their ninth shift together that Will finally told Nigel to fuck off. Mostly because since their third shift together and having heard the gossip, Nigel took every opportunity to pester Will over whether it was true.

When Nigel said casually, “look man, all I’m saying is you should be proud of a reputation that you give such oral satisfaction,” Will glared at him for a long, tense minute and then didn’t speak to him the rest of the shift.

Which was fair.

By this point, Nigel was just enjoying getting under Will’s skin.

What Nigel hadn’t expected was for the wall of silence to suddenly be broken as they locked up the shop together and were about to go their separate ways. Will said sharply-

“You seem awfully fucking fascinated with whether I give good head or not.”

Nigel smirked and leaned back against the wall of the coffee shop, eyeing Will. “That’s because it’s fucking fascinating, darling. Of all the people I’ve ever met in my life, you’re the one I’d least expect to have a saucy reputation.”

“And you’re not the sort of person I’d expect to listen to idle gossip,” Will replied, tersely.

Nigel let out a chuckle, “I fucking love gossip. You never know when there could be a seed of truth in there.” He lit a cigarette and took a drag in their shared silence as he looked Will up and down. Finally, he asked. “So guys or girls? Or both?”

“What?” Will seemed affronted but still hadn’t denied the veracity of the rumours.

“Well, I’ve heard this gossip from all over at this point. And from the gossip I’d say it’s both. I’d say you’re not at all discerning on that count. You just like pleasuring people orally.”

Will’s face was red with anger but he still denied nothing. So Nigel continued after another drag.

“Do you fuck them too? I’ve not heard anything on that count.” Nigel could see Will was about to explode and couldn’t help but push further for his own amusement. “Or do they fuck you? Or--”

His words were cut off by Will’s mouth on his.

And fuck, the man could kiss. He had no doubt from the way that tongue slipped inside his mouth that Will Graham indeed lived up to the gossip.

Finally, Will broke the kiss and took a step back, clearly enjoying the slightly flustered way that Nigel had tried to follow the kiss as he pulled away.

“Is that what you want? To prove the gossip for yourself?”

Nigel grabbed Will’s shirt and pulled them flush before growling in Will’s ear the absolute truth, “I thought I’d just enjoy teasing you, but maybe you’re onto something considering how wet you’ve made me.”

At that Will whimpered. He fucking whimpered.

“I’m two blocks away,” Nigel whispered close enough to Will’s ear that he could probably feel the moisture on his breath. At Will’s sharp nod, Nigel pushed him away and began to walk, expecting Will to follow him.

Which he did.

The walk was spent in silence. The arrival at Nigel’s shithole apartment was met with further, unsure silence - which Nigel couldn’t blame Will for, the place was dodgy as fuck.

When Nigel finally wrestled his crappy door closed behind them, he nodded towards the bed in his small one-room apartment.

Nigel chuckled as Will eagerly took hold of him and pushed him onto the bed. Nigel bounced a little before Will settled at the foot of the bed and began to unbutton Nigel’s jeans. His eyes were on Nigel the whole time, smouldering in a way that made Nigel’s cock throb.

Will kissed his hip bone as it was revealed, which made Nigel fucking shiver.

He sat back on his knees and began to pull the jeans down, getting them to Nigel’s thighs before reaching back up for his boxers. Nigel watched intently as Will drew them down, packer and all.

There was only the slightest hesitation before Will continued to pull both boxers and jeans down, sliding them off along with Nigel’s shoes.

“Is this a problem for you?” Nigel asked.

Will shook his head and let out a breathy, “no” before moving back up and pushing Nigel’s legs apart as he went. The movement opened Nigel up to him and Will didn’t hesitate in immediately sucking Nigel’s t-cock into his mouth like he was born to do it.

“Fuck,” Nigel grit his teeth and gripped the sheets as Will began to suck him off. His tongue was hitting all the right places and the suction was utterly perfect. Nigel could categorically state even in these first few seconds that Will Graham absolutely was giving him the best head he’d ever received.

Nigel moved his hips, fucking a little into Will’s mouth until finally Will drew back. Their eyes locked as Will moved further down, sliding his tongue from Nigel’s cock down until it slipped inside him.

Nigel groaned and had to stop himself from fucking convulsing at the sensation. Will Graham’s tongue was made to fuck, that was for sure.

With his nose pressed against Nigel's cock, Will started to eat Nigel out with gusto, fucking his tongue into him. Nigel started to grind his hips, rubbing himself against Will's face as they both grew wetter, mostly from Nigel's leaking pussy.

Fuck, he was so turned on by how filthy the whole fucking thing was becoming.

"Fuck, mmm, yeah…" Nigel groaned, one hand still gripping the sheets as the other went to Will's hair and gripped there instead.

He dragged Will back up to his throbbing cock and, with no other prompting, Will began sucking him off again. The sounds grew all the more obscene as Will pushed two fingers into Nigel and began fucking him with those.

"Holy fuck," Nigel groaned, his eyes rolling back in his head. "Yeah, there…"

Nigel writhed as Will's fingers made the most pornographic sounds fucking in and out of him, only just drowning out the sounds of his sucking and licking.

Nigel's legs were shaking, nerve endings twitching as his body became a live wire with every twinge directed by Will's mouth.

There was no denying, Will Graham really was the best he'd ever had.

When Will removed his fingers and moved his mouth back down to Nigel's wet hole, Nigel couldn't help but move his hips, trying to ride Will's tongue as he fucked it into him. Will began to alternate between spearing Nigel with his tongue and literally eating him out. His mouth covered pretty much from Nigel's cock to pussy, devouring him like a succulent Georgia peach.

"Oh fuck, fuck…" Nigel muttered, almost incoherent as Will took hold of his hips and kept Nigel moving as he began to falter.

"Keep going," Will muttered against Nigel's pussy before plunging back in, fingers tight on Nigel's hips until he was grinding Nigel against his face.

Nigel's cock throbbed and he could feel his pussy start to clench, on the very edge of coming, and then Will drew back, sitting on his haunches.

"Want more?" Will looked down at him, grinning. The grin wasn't friendly, and it was immediately clear this was some sort of punishment.

"Yes, for fuck's sake!" Nigel barked at him, literally on edge and now very concerned Will might just leave him like this.

"Want more of this?" Will asked, plunging his fingers back inside Nigel, making him arch off the bed at the sensation.

"Yes," Nigel whimpered.

“You can have more,” Will replied softly, though there was a menace in those words. He crawled over Nigel, his lips wet with Nigel’s juices as their mouths hovered close to each other. “You just need to stop fucking annoying me at work.”

Each word was punctuated with a thrust of his fingers, and Nigel could feel Will’s cock hard against him.

He nodded quickly, “Yeah, okay. Deal. No more annoying you at work. No more trying to fucking wind you up. Okay?”

Will grinned, this time triumphant as he pulled his fingers out of Nigel.

For an actual terrifying moment, Nigel really thought Will was going to leave. But instead he flopped down beside Nigel on the bed, his hard cock even more prominent in his jeans in this reclined position.

“If you want more, you do the work.” Will told him, raising a brow as he looked across at him. When Nigel looked a little confused, Will continued, “sit on my face.”

Nigel’s heart hammered so hard he thought he might pass out. A moment elapsed before he was able to gather his wits and himself together and roll over. He slowly climbed over, straddling Will’s hips and lowering his mouth down but Will shook his head, moving his own lips away.

“Not kissing those lips again tonight.” Will growled, and fuck why did everything he say have to turn Nigel on so much? How had he become so whipped in such a short time?

He didn’t even care, instead he ground his cock against Will’s clothed crotch for just a moment and then moved upwards.

Nigel was breathing heavily as he settled over Will’s face, kneeling with legs either side of Will’s head and his hands gripping tight to the bed’s headboard, he slowly lowered himself down.

Nigel groaned as Will’s tongue immediately slid inside him again. He pulled up ever so slightly and then pressed down again so that he was fucking himself on Will’s tongue. He did this over and over, wondering how long it would take for Will’s tongue to get cramp.

The answer potentially presented itself when Will’s hands grabbed his ass and squeezed it tight, holding him in place as he began to eat Nigel out again. That same amazing sensation as Will began devouring him from cock to pussy.

Slowly, very slowly, Will pressed his ass down, until Nigel was completely sitting on Will’s face, his nose once more sliding alongside his slick cock as Will licked and sucked and basically fucking french kissed his pussy.

Nigel trembled, holding tight to the headboard so he didn’t collapse.

It was only when Will gave his left ass cheek a hard, resounding smack that Nigel remembered he was meant to be doing the work. So as Will held him tight to his face, Nigel

began to move.

Fuck, it was too good. Nigel had no idea how long he was going to last as he ground his pussy on Will's face. Will's actions became hungrier and hungrier as he devoured Nigel, his tongue slipping inside him now and then, the occasional suck to his cock if Nigel lifted too far up. But for the most part, Will didn't allow it. He held Nigel down so that he could eat him out so thoroughly that Nigel thought he might shake apart.

His climax was creeping back up, and with it Nigel grew faster, pressed down harder. Chasing that sensation and the release. He began to falter with each movement as he started towards his peak. Will's hands gripped tighter then, as Nigel's movements became less coherent, Will took over and moved Nigel's hips for him.

It was all over when Will hummed.

With his slick mouth completely covering Nigel, he fucking hummed and the sensation sent a shockwave through Nigel like he'd never felt before.

"Fuck, oh holy, fuck, shit… FUCK!!"

Nigel cried out and squirted for the first time in his life. Will's mouth sucked and lapped, hungrily taking in everything Nigel had. He continued to move Nigel on his face, continued to slurp up Nigel's juices through the aftershocks of his orgasm, until they stopped flowing and Nigel's legs shook and his body trembled. His legs would have closed around Will's head if Will hadn't steadied him then, knowing exactly what would happen.

The next few moments were a blur as Will gave him one last lick, then kissed the tip of his cock. And then Nigel was on his back and Will was gone.

Nigel panted, trying to get back his breath. Trying to get back sensation in his limbs.

He continued to tremble, his skin tingling and his eyes not quite able to focus on the ceiling.

It was no exaggeration to say that he had never come that hard in his entire life.

Nigel vaguely registered a tap running, and then a blanket was thrown over him. He looked up to see Will at the side of the bed, his hair damp and he was drying his face with a towel, evidently having cleaned himself up.

"You okay?" Will asked, with the sort of matter of fact tone that Nigel was sure meant that he'd stay and help if Nigel wasn't okay, but that he didn't particularly care. And Nigel actually respected that. He fucking hated pretence.

Nigel nodded, his mouth and throat dry.

"Cool," Will replied. "See you at work then."

Nigel blinked and sat up as Will started towards the door. "Wait, don't you want me to…" Nigel waved a hand in direction of Will's dick. It was still hard and looked a hell of a fucking size. If he was that good with his mouth, imagine how he'd fuck!

Will scoffed and shook his head, “I was just here to address the gossip and get you off my back. I only fuck people I actually like.”

The words were still ringing in the air as Will let himself out and closed the door behind him.

Nigel let a laugh burst from his chest as he fell back onto the bed. Sated, full of utmost respect for Will Graham and ready to step up to the challenge of getting the man to like him enough to actually fuck him.

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